

“Grey Brooding Memory”

A Poem by *Mary Margaret Park*

brooding
grey
clouds

the Fall sky ripe
with winters announcement
pain is etched there too

golden yellow leaves
strain against the thunder-grey horizon
in a fierce embrace of farewell

I wait
nostalgic
in a quiet as cold
and crisp as winter

an endless pause

and yet this place
is strangely beautiful
painted in the amber hues
of all that came before

the trees golden tresses fall
into stark oblivion
and the renewal of spring
seems
an eternity

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